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A SAD STORY.

Among a savage clan
Of cannibalish people,
A missionary man
Set up his modest steeple.

And there each day he would
Pursue his noble labors,
He told them to be good
And bade them love their neighbors.

The cannibals, with grins,
Gave ear to themes he treated,
They crossed their tawny shins,
And on their hams were seated.

And yet they were not lost,
That missionary's labors.
He taught them to his cost
And bade them love their neighbors.

For one day, when for prayers
Those cannibals they met him,
They caught him unawares—
They killed him and they ate him!

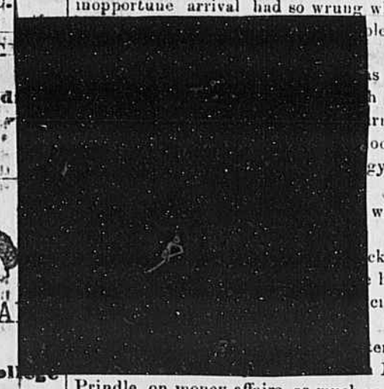
They said they found him good.—
He'd practised what he taught them,—
And now they understood
The goodness he had brought them.

And when they'd filled each maw,
They said, while they deplored him,
"They'd loved him—live and raw—
But, roasted, they adored him!"

THE NEW WITNESS.

A STORY OF TWO WILLS.

An odd sort of personage, as regarded his pets, was old Mr. Ovington, and he had indulged in his peculiarities to his heart's content in these latter years, and there, on the head of one gate-post, while John Grapley leaned against the other, perched the most disagreeable favorite of them all, except, perhaps, the newly-discovered grandchildren, whose inopportune arrival had so wrung what



Doctor Prindle had entered the house, he had been ushered into the study by sweet Alice Ovington herself, daughter of that Adrian Ovington, whose runaway love-match had embittered so many years of his father's existence.

A lovely girl, indeed, was Alice, of not yet eighteen summers; and it was no wonder that her stern grandfather had opened his heart to his son's dying petition in behalf of her and her brother.

Doctor Prindle was one of those brisk but dignified old gentlemen who know almost everything, say very little, and are exceedingly valuable members of society. Alice told him that her brother George was well, and would soon be home from college, to spend the vacation with his grandfather.

'Yes, Alice,' said the doctor; 'let him spend it all here. It will be better.'

And then he disappeared through the study door, closing it fast behind him. Alice hurried away, to attend to household affairs, and the muffled sound of voices from the study died quickly away. Very few words passed at first between Mr. Ovington and his counsellor, and the old man's red and choleric visage betrayed no atom of emotion, as he took from its envelope a paper of very moderate dimensions, and spread it on the table, saying:

'There it is, doctor. I guess you'll find it right. That's the will.'

'Sensible thing. Glad of it,' growled the doctor, as he settled himself in his chair.

A moment more, and he was deeply engaged on the precious document. Slowly and carefully he read it down, as if he did not mean to do it twice, and when he had completed it he only said:

'Correct. And now what?'

'Ca-a-a-caw!' croaked a doubtful voice at the window; and then Martin himself flapped heavily in, and perched on the table beside his master.

'Martin, my boy, it's all right. I only wish you could sign as a witness;'

'Ca-a-a-caw,' said Martin.

'I wish he could,' said Dr. Prindle; 'but as you've only got old Hector's name here, I suppose you will want mine. It's all right otherwise.'

'Of course it is,' replied the old gentleman. 'It's a copy of the one you drew, in all but the names and the division. It's no injustice to John Grapley. He is well taken care of, and, besides, he had property of his own, from his mother, and he has no claims of blood on me.'

'Still, it cuts him out of a very comfortable pile,' said the doctor. 'Where's the pen? That rascally bird! Look at him. There he is on the top of the bookcase, with the pen in his mouth'

'Martin, you scamp,' laughed his master, 'came down with that pen, or I'll disinherit you. Never mind, doctor. Don't look at him; and he'll bring it back in a minute. He's fond of stealing, but he never keeps anything long.'

Sure enough, in the course of two or three minutes, the pen was on the table again, and meantime the two friends talked on.

'John will hardly be pleased with this,' said the doctor.

'I shan't care, then, whether he is or not, and I don't care much, anyway.'

'Have you destroyed the other will?'

'No; but I'm going to. It's over there in the secretary. You will know where to find this one, if you outlive me.'

'All right,' said the doctor. 'Martin has brought back the pen.'

It was a slow and crabbed signature that the doctor affixed, but it was good enough for the purpose.

When he had signed the will, and put it back in its envelope, he looked around over the table, only to find that Martin was again on the top of the book case, and this time with the little negro-headed penwiper in his beak.

'That rascally bird!' laughed the doctor. 'Well, the pen can go unwiped.'

'He'll bring it back again. Martin is a good bird,' said Mr. Ovington.

'Ca-a-caw!' exclaimed Martin, and the penwiper dropped lightly on the floor.

'Come, doctor—come and take a look at my new Devons, before you go. I'm half-inclined to drive into town with you The walk back will be good for me—help keep down this too heavy carcass of mine. I don't get half enough exercise.'

'No more you don't,' growled the doctor, with a side glance at his friend's plethoric proportions as they made their way out of the study.

Their conversation had not been in whispers, and John Grapley had lost none of it since he took his stand by the window. Nor was it many minutes after the departure of his stepfather before John, with an unaccountable pallor in his face and a hesitating step, was passing through the house from room to room. All was deserted—solitary. Even the fair face of Alice Ovington was brightening some more distant corner of the mansion.

The young man's step became even more stealthy, and his thin, white lips shut more closely on each other, as he laid his hand at last on the knob of the study door. It turned in his grasp, and he stepped within.

The room was empty of human forms, and John Grapley's eyes wandered in vain search around the room—not finding something they expected. A few loose papers on the tables were hurriedly turned over, and as hastily thrown down, with a sharp exclamation of angry dissatisfaction.

The key was in the secretary, but John Grapley's hand shook more than a little as he turned it in the lock. He did turn it, however, and then at last his search seemed to be successful; for from one of the little pigeon-holes he drew and opened a long yellow envelope.

John gave the paper which he held in his hand but one swift, keen, eager glance and then thrust it into an inside pocket of his coat, muttering:

'At all events, he shall *not* destroy this. He has got the other with him now, and I must trust to luck to get it out of the way. Now, I must get out of this.'

He put the empty envelope back in the pigeon-hole, locked the secretary, left the key as he found it, and hastened away He did not make his appearance near home again until the next day at noon.

It was late that evening before old Mr. Ovington returned from town, weary with his unaccustomed walk, and anxious only to get straightway to bed. It was late in the morning when he arose and then his Devons and his other mute favorites kept him for a time from his cosy study.

Alice Ovington had looked at the cattle with him, and Martin had cawed graciously about them, as if he considered himself a good judge of both brutes and human beings; but John Grapley did not put in his customary appearance.

When he did return, however, half an hour later, he was met in the gateway by the form of his stepfather, looking a foot taller than usual, being literally in a 'towering' fit of anger.

'John Grapley, do you know where they are—do you?'

'Where what are? What on earth's the matter?' gasped John, with a well-assumed look of bewildered innocence.

'The will, you scoundrel, the will! Both of them! Give them up, or I'll—'

Alas, for swollen veins and hasty passions! For as John Grapley quailed and trembled before the wrathful face of his stepfather, suddenly the old man put on a strange and set expression, his tongue ceased to obey his angry will, his limbs failed under him, and the old gentleman sank helpless on the grass!

John Grapley's face wore for a moment the look of a reprieved criminal; but he retained his self-possession, and no alarm could have been more prompt and loud than that which he sounded.

Mr. Ovington was borne into the house, and medical aid was summoned.

John went himself for Dr. Prindle; but could hardly simulate vexation on learning that that gentleman had been called away to an important consultation, and would not be home under two days.

Physicians were to be had in abundance, however, and they came; but they came too late to do anything for Mr. Ovington. The silver cord was loosed, and his pitcher was utterly shattered at the fountain of life.

Great was the consternation of poor Alice Ovington, and it was great help to her that her brother George came home next day, in the midst of the funeral preparations. Still, both George and Alice found themselves of small account in the house of their grandfather, for John Grapley had taken all matters in charge at once, and issued his orders with the air and manner of a well-assured proprietor. At first they did not mind it much, though George Ovington, more selfish than his sister, remarked to himself that it augured little of good for their future prospects.

Poor Martin had not seemed to comprehend the terrible change in the house-hold affairs, and perhaps his instincts of self-preservation taught him to do his allowance of discontented cawing at a safe distance from the spirited hands of John Grapley.

The succeeding day had been set for the funeral, and the coffin lay in the old, deep windowed drawing-room, which was, perforce, all thrown open for the circulation of the warm summer air, and the entrance of the unsympathizing sunlight.

More than an hour before the time fixed for the funeral, Dr. Prindle drove up to the gate, threw his reins on his horse, and strode into the house. He gave George Ovington a hasty grasp of the hand, spoke to Alice a few kindly words, and then went on into the parlor.

Here he was standing in sorrowful silence, his usually firm features working slowly as he gazed down upon the face of his old friend, when he heard a step beside him, and the voice of John Grapley said:

'Ah, doctor, I am so sorry you were not here! I fear you could have done nothing for him; but just before he was taken he was wishing to see you.'

'To see me? What for?'

'Something about a new will. He said he had made one, but destroyed it, and wanted your help in framing another. He led me to believe that he intended making some liberal provision for George and Alice.'

'That, indeed he did,' replied the doctor, but somehow he did not feel called upon to say any more.

'C-a-a-caw,' added a course, complaining voice at the window; but the flap of departing wings told that Martin's policy was still one of doubt and prudence.

'Here,' said John, 'is an envelope addressed to yourself, which I have taken the liberty to open, as it is unsealed, and as I have long known it contained my step-father's will.'

'You know its contens, then?'

'O, yes, of course. They are in accordance with his repeated assurances to my sainted mother and myself. As it is in your own handwriting, I can tell *you* nothing, except that I shall take pleasure in carrying out what I believe to have been Mr. Ovington's intentions toward the children of his disinherited son. They shall always have a home and good provision while I live.'

'Aye—yes, indeed, I hope so,' abstractedly returned the doctor. 'Are you sure there is no other will?'

'Quite sure. I have searched everywhere,' replied John.

'Well, as I am named an executor under this instrument, I shall deem it my duty to take a look on my own account,' half curtly rejoined the doctor.

'I might have something to say as to what is done in my own house,' replied John; 'but I have no manner of objection. Let us go to the study.'

John Grapley might well have waived all objection, for his search had been most thorough, and he was altogether sure that no subsequent searching would reveal more. He had been haunted by a fear that the doctor himself could account for the paper whose absence had so excited Mr Ovington, but the dread had now vanished.

Straight to the secretary went the doctor, and John Grapley showed him where he had found the will.

'I knew it would be just there,' said the doctor; 'but there is something—'

'Ca-a-a-caw!' croaked Martin, from the window sill.

'That rascally bird!' exclaimed John Grapley; but, if he had any present notion of [illegible] was defeated by the bird's quick, flapping dash for his citadel on the top of the high bookcase.

'I think there will be no use in seeking further,' said John, 'especially in view of what Mr. Ovington said to me just before he was seized with this sad attack of appoplexy.'

'I fear not,' muttered the doctor, as he bent his eyes for a moment, musingly, on the floor. Slowly he raised them, still evidently in deep thought; but, as he did so, they flashed with a sudden light.

'That rascally bird! What is that he has got in his beak?'

'Ca-a-a-caw!' vigorously croaked Martin, and as his thieving mouth opened, a long yellow envelope fell at the doctor's feet.

John Grapley gave a convulsive start, and essayed to pick it up, but the doctor was too quick for him.

'It is addressed to me,' he said; 'and, as for its contents, I put them in myself, in Mr. Ovington's presence, the day before he died. This, John Grapley, is your step-father's last will and testament, and Martin has proved himself a good witness to it I am more than half inclined to think that he has been a most valuable friend to George and Alice. Martin, my boy, you are a trump!'

'Ca-a-a-caw!' said Martain.

'That rascally bird!' faintly gasped John Grapley, as he stole out of the study.

Let Us Elevate Journalism.

It is to be lamented that the profession of journalism is not characterized by a juster appreciation of the courtesies and amenities of life. For many years past, if a great leader appears in its ranks,—and there are many such—the fact is no sooner demonstrated than the lesser lights seem to become envious and unite to pull him down even below the common level. If only fair means were always employed in effecting such a consummation, there would be infinitely less to object to. But it is notorious that with a large class in the editorial profession the end justifies the means, and misrepresentation, often vilification, is but too readily brought into requisition. Now we would inculcate a different code of ethics for the editorial profession. We would have each editor to "magnify his office," not only when he comes to the capitol to meet his brethren in the annual conventions, but all the year round in all his discussions. We would have the members of the Press Association to so act towards their brethren as to impress "all the world and the rest of mankind" with some just appreciation of the intellectual worth of the members of "the fourth estate". That the journalists of the South embrace intellect of the highest order, and above the average of that in the other professions, no intelligent citizen will pretend to deny. But instead of cultivating the courtesy, dignity and lofty bearing without which it is impossible to favorably impress the community at large, journalists too frequently seek to unjustly disparage each other, and sometimes resort to the coarsest vilification, thus necessarily degrading, to some extent, the whole profession; and that, too, while they laud to the proportion of giants the men with a multiplicity of words and paucity of ideas in other professions, who would impose their fancied greatness upon the thoughtless in the communities afflicted with their presence. Now all this is not only wrong in principle, but atrocious in practice. Let us inaugurate a higher standard of professional justice. Whatever the peculiarities or foibles of the individual members of the editorial profession, let them be studiously ignored in public discussions. Let each one assert and maintain a high-toned demeanor towards his brethren—a courtesy and kindness that shall have constant reference to the elevation of the profession. Instead of seeking to disparage the members of our own profession, let us emulate that of the medical faculty, which is ever uniting with mother earth in hiding the fatal failings of those who are most conspicuously unworthy.—*Nashville Southern Press.*

About a Snake.

The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg *Index*, tells the following:

"A gentleman, a physician, resident near the Warm Spring, but now on a visit to this place, tells a remarkable story. The doctor was recently sent for to see a lady of his neighborhood who had been bitten on the ankle by a rattlesnake When he reached the patient he found that her friends, adopting an old Indian remedy, which had come down to this generation with all the legendary lore of the neighborhood, had bound the wound, already much swollen, with several folds of the inner lining (fibre) of the bark of the sycamore tree. Willing to await the result of this experiment, and seeing really no chance for the application of a better remedy, our doctor allowed the lady to keep the bandage on, and in a few hours she was relieved from the pain and the effects of the poison, too, as she declared. Then it was removed. The wound presented a most favorable appearance, and the cure was soon pronounced complete. Now the most astonishing part remains to be told. On unfolding the bandages above referred to, the exact outlines, the very photograph, yea, the perfect picture of the snake, coiled ready for a spring, was found impressed upon it. So perfect was the likeness, that if any one had seen the bark bandage lying open on the roadside, he would have thought the 'rattle' had coiled upon it for one of his deadly springs. The doctor saw this with his own eyes, and the remedy has been applied to similar cases in that section of the country with as happy effects."

Nothing Remains at Rest.

It is a fallacy to suppose there is any such thing as rest to matter. There is not a particle in the universe which is not on the move, nor a drop of fluid on the globe that is perfectly quiescent, not a fibre in the vegetable kingdom in a state of inactivity. In animal bodies, from monads to the complicated organism of man, every part and parcel, even in the solids, are incessantly moving among themselves, and their component elements never cease to act in accordance with that universal law till death stops the machinery. Even then a new series of movements commence at that culminating point. Chemical dissolution of organic structures is but a liberation of molecules, the aggregation of which was necessary for a corporeal beginning and subsequent growth; and they then dispersed to enter into new relations and new forms, and thus one never-ending circle of activity characterizes the material universe.

Death is a dissolution of the union that existed for a limited period of what is called life with organized matter.—How that union commenced is as much of a Divine mystery as their separation, They are distinct in nature and character, although one cannot manifest itself without the brain and nerves of the other.

Astronomy reveals the astounding intelligence that there are no fixed or stationary bodies in the unsurveyed regions of celestial space. Even the fixed stars, as they were once considered, permanent landmarks in the heavens, are coursing with undefined rapidity in the train of countless globes of shining glory, on a circuit too distant to be followed even by human imagination, in the boundless realms only known to that God who controls the mighty whole.

Everything, therefore, is moving.—When motion ceases there will be a wreck of worlds, and a crash of an entire universe. Life is motion; inertia, to our finite minds, is death. Nature, however, neither modifies nor repeals a law, and consequently those now in force will operate with unerring certainty through the endless cycles of eternity.

MONEY IN MULES.—J. B. Lyman, Esq, an intelligent correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who is travelling in the West, recently visited Edgar County, Kentucky, and thus relates how Mr. S. H. Elliott, of that County, is making money out of mules:

"In 1865 he changed his stock and became interested in mules. Now he feeds one hundred and fifty of these animals. When a mule is weaned he will give fifty dollars for fifty inches of height. He does not buy mules that are less than fifty inches at weaning, for these he can feed and care for till they are fifteen hands high, and then they are worth from $125 to $175 each. It takes about eighteen months, and some $20 worth of hay and oats, to produce this growth.—That is to say, spend $50 for your mule colt, and $20 for his keeping, and you have in eighteen months time an article worth $150. Feeding as he now does, one hundred and fifty, and in a way to clear $30 on each animal."

SOAP.—A young lady, who makes all the family soap, gives the following recipe for a good cheap article: Add to 10 quarts of water, 6 pounds of quicklime (shell lime is the best), and 6 pounds common washing soda. Put all together and boil for half an hour, and let it stand all night to clear. Draw off the lye, and add to it 1 pound common resin, and seven pounds of fat (any fat will do). Boil this for half an hour, then let it stand till cool and cut into bars.

TO PRESERVE LARD.—Lard can not be preserved for a length of time without complete protection from the atmosphere. It may be kept perfectly well for any length of time by filling it into bladders, which are tied at the neck and hung in a cool cellar. When used, the bladder is cut through and the lard taken out as needed. The pearly-white lard exposed for sale in the grocers' shops is very often adulterated with lime, which not only gives a fine color, but enables twenty-five per cent of water to be mixed in, by forming a soapy compound.

"Husband, if an honest men is God's most noblest work, what is an honest woman? "His rarest, dear," was the uncivil reply.